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Povertie's Counsel.

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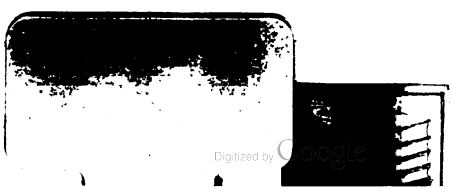

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POVERTIE'S COUNSEL:

An Allegorical Ballad,

And

OTHER POEMS AND SONGS.

By WILLIAM SEYTON RIDPATH.

GLASGOW:
PRINTED BY JOHNSTON AND CRAWFORD,
10 North Albion Street.
1874.

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POVERTIE'S COUNSEL

AND OTHER

POEMS AND SONGS.

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PROEM.

—:o:—

THE greater portion of the contents of this volume has already been published in different periodicals, and several of the songs it contains have been set to music by distinguished musical composers; there will, however, be found in it many things which have not heretofore been printed any where. While the poem entitled "Povertie's Counsel" (the first or spring part of which has for many years been popular as a recitation) would claim humbly to be somewhat didactic in character, it is at once frankly admitted that the companion piece, an indigenous romance, named "Castle Folly," has scarcely a higher aim than that of mere amusement. Whatever they may be reckoned, however, I am the sole author of them, and of all the other songs and poems which are included in this selection. To the "Songs from Scripture," I can probably prefer no better right than that of hoping that I have not, in my translation of the texts to their

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present form, in any way injured the simple, expressive, and beautiful language of Scripture. The volume could easily have been made bulkier, but some of my readers may be of opinion that there is now more than enough.

W. S. RIDPATH.

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——:o:——

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POVERTIE'S COUNSEL:

AN ALLEGORICAL BALLAD IN FOUR PARTS.

——:o:——

Part First—Spring.

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Povertie's Counsel.

—:o:—

'Tis a bitter spring, and everything
Pineth for a sunny hour,
The bird on the tree, the honey bee,
And the early flower;
But the winds blow, and the wintry snow
Falleth, shower on shower.

In a lodging bare, on an old fir-chair,
I sit by a gleamless hearth,
Dreaming alway of some by-gone day
And its pleasant mirth;
And along with me, sitteth Povertie,
Despised of all the earth.

Hours come and go, tides ebb and flow,
And flow and ebb again—
But it seemeth no chance or circumstance
Of time shall part us twain;
Fast bound unto me, seemeth Povertie,
With an everlasting chain.

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In the open street, old friends ne'er greet,
As they were wont of yore,
But hurry by, with averted eye,
They can love me now no more,
For, arm-in-arm, with me walketh Povertie,
And he scareth 'em by the score!

There and here ever, he leaveth me never,
Though I've prayed 't might not be so,
And alack, I have sworn, and abused him sore,
Very oft that he might go;
But he still sat there, nor seemed to care,
Answering me ever—"No."

"Though all men hate and upbraid the fate
Makes them and me akin,
Yet better," he said, lifting his head,
"Have me thine house within,
Much better have me," quoth Povertie,
"Than either Shame or Sin.

"Tis a bitter spring, yet the birds will sing
On the leafy boughs of each tree,
And flowers will blow, and green grass grow,
And sunshine lure forth the bee,
And fortune may smile on thee, meanwhile,
Shake hands," quoth Povertie.

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POVERTIE'S COUNSEL:

AN ALLEGORICAL BALLAD IN FOUR PARTS.

——:o:——

Part Second—Summer.

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Poverty's Counsel.

——:o:——

A high-peaked, corbel-window'd, large, antique abode,
In the one street, far down, of an inland market town,
Our new house lonely stands—the last there that commands
Attention from proud look it wears of family renown;
A lofty brick wall, trees o'er bereft of ripe-fruit load,
Shuts in our spacious gardens from the now snow-clad road.

A little flight of white steps from gate to pillared door;
Railed off on either side, a floral walk and space;
At gate stands a tall hawthorn, extending broad branches o'er,
And filling in the May with fragrance all the place.
Many people then will come from far and near to see,
And praise the great beauty of our hawthorn tree.

Ere our street terminate and country road commences,
Near, yet detached, our stabling-houses and wide court;

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Then the out-thoroughfare leads thro' fields and fences,
Of wintry boughs, where robins chirp and sport;
While underneath the coach-house arch, the village children gather,
Sing songs, or snow-ball, in this arctic weather.

Ours, some miles of wooded park, smooth lawn and farm attached;
And I prefer this gothic domicile to mansion of newer cut.
We have become owners, too—had it repaired and patched,
And marvellously metamorphosèd—of Povertie's old hut.
So beautified and altered, 'tis now worth all his rhymes,
And there wife and I love to live throughout the summer times.

Beeches, oaks, firs, appear—for adornment others are here—
Most herbs and flowers, all dear to Povertie's bosom;
And fruits of every sort, that, in the time of year,
The place appears one brilliant mass of blossom.
Where buttercups and daisies grow rifest on lambkin lea,
I have put one solitary statue there—that of old Povertie!

The hamlet out on which this leaf-hid cottage peeps,
By milestone measures twelve miles from our town;
Yet, oft in winters most severe, for healthy exercise and cheer,
We order sledge or carriage thither to set us down.

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Then with Christmas log blazing, viands from pic-nic pack,
Happy wife, village children, friends, and myself oft merrily bivouac.

Harness sledge all neat, to dapper steeds fleet,
With eager nostril thro' the snow,
With their tinkling bells, with their rapid feet,
Off—home! with my beauty and me they go;
And all wrapped in furs, and laces is she,
My beautiful wife—gift of Povertie.

Yea, rich enough now, yet my heart will bow,
And tears fall sad to see;
For I loathed that life, tho' it gave me wife
And sweet baby on her knee—
Wife in soul, a lady of high degree,
E'en when only the daughter of Povertie.

But from me and dear spouse, away from our house,
When the winter snowflakes flee;
When the birds in the boughs summer bowers arouse;
When the reapers sing with glee;
Away in the night, away in daylight,
Gone from us for aye, is Povertie.

Never came back he to wife or me;
But she is just, and wise, and good;
Ne'er regrettingly gossips, nor slightingly,
Nor calleth his temper mild or rude;
Never names to lament—oh, very content—
And I am filled with gratitude.

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SONG.

Oh, the beautiful summer days are coming,
And the winds will blow
Where the roses and the lilies fair are blooming,
All gently and low;
And the birds in the branches will be singing,
And the bright air with music will be ringing.
Oh the beautiful summer days are coming,
Good-bye to the frost and snow.

Oh, sweet the old May-tunes we keep humming,
With spirits faint and low,
For Norah and myself know 'tis coming,
Though shivering now we go;
Tho' with sleet and wintry rains we're drenched, surrounded;
Though with blasts of whirling snow we're dumfounded.
Oh, the beautiful summer days are coming,
Good-bye to the frost and snow.

Tho' 'tis bitter, bitter cold in the gloaming,
Cold in the noon and morn;
Tho' the winds seem to hate us while they're roaming,
To mock us with weary scorn.
Yet the lovely summer hours are hither winging,
Love and balm, light and fragrance, they are bringing;
Joy and hope in our hearts will be blooming,
Good-bye to the frost and snow.

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Snowy night, wintry ire. We toasted our toes by the fire;
Brussels rugs and warm cushion-stools under our feet;
With all comforts around that in Wealth's home abound,
Quite cozy and snug in our sitting room neat;
On our ear fell that ditty, for pence and for pity,
By Povertie's relatives sung in the street.

It brought back the fierce hours, at which memory now cowers,
Of hardship, bleak penury, long since gone by;
When to me, all protected, yet humbled, dejected,
Spake my darling and beautiful wife with a sigh—
"This night God's great mercies seem all to be ours,
Let us give them a shelter from want and ice showers."

"I will not forget, love, the Father above,
Whose mercies unto us are many and sure;
And I hail, as another great proof of his love,
This new chance "to remember the poor."
God bless thee, my own wife, my darling, my dear life,
Bid them haste, love, and open the door."

The strangers supp'd bravely—that night 'neath our roof
They lodged. All grateful and pleased with their host,
One denied he did err, but no minister
Ever gave them a like occasion to boast.

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"Under," quotha, "the great heaven's broad expanse,
The last place I'd call at for help is a manse!

"Now doctors," said he, "are by silly of head
And stupid of heart oft given a bad name;
But for helping the poor, sick, or hungry for bread,
They would put all the parsons in Europe to shame.
Most gentry will give us both money and food—
Parson's pocket and pantry are part of his blood."

"They are not all alike," I observed. "Oh, but yes,"
Was the quick rejoinder, "They are, sir, indeed.
Excuse a poor wanderer, but in my distress
I never could find them a different breed.
Ask any man who knows road-life—as I said before—
He'll tell you 'tis no use at a clergyman's door."

"In Holland they skate night and day, I am told,
And to market full baskets of eggs thus head-bear;
Philanthropic Dutch hens mayhap lay in the cold;
That the indigent get of the good things, a share;
In Lapland, poor people have rein-deers, you know,
But here they have pulpits, and fardels, and snow!"

Of course, this ballad singer's stiff, aberrant creed
Might savour like others of bigotry too;
But that noon he and wife, for their own trustful life,
With many a blessing kind bade us adieu.
His dogmas are good, bad, or just as you please,
But Christ's charities now are much left to police!

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SONG.

Pulseless are the moonlit skies,
The frozen stream of water lies,
With scarce a ripple or a sound;
And far and near
Where'er the meadows can be found,
A calm magnificent and clear.
Blame not the sea-mews' jarring scream,
They're frightened out of some sweet dream,
And rise, whence they waddled lovingly,
Flying high with shrill wail sleepily;
Tho' they sail quite dark 'gainst the borrowed light,
Yet have they soft bosoms all and white.

CHORUS.

Watch the time of year and the time of night.
Mistake not their traits in your own lime light;
Have "good news" for the poor, whom Jesus "saw,"
To extinguish Gospel don't borrow Law!

On our guests of late, as I ruminate,
Remembering my soul-life ere Povertie went,
My struggle still to agree with old Povertie,
The yearniugs yet for concord sent;
For that schooling hard, a sure reward
To him still from Heaven is lent.

No cupidity his nicknamed piety;
No cadge that o'er beggars loud made moan;

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Not the charity that incessantly
Is busy casting "the first stone"—
That snouts when of erring worth we speak,
Forth "whited sepulchre" to squeak!

Honest Povertie, cheer, thou'rt heaven's peer!
With breath as pure as purity;
No drivelling guile, no canting wile,
To mar Truth's fragrant gift to thee;
No pulpit slander, nor base fears;
No crocodile thou with saving tears!

"Up to the ancles in blood,
Up to the knees in water;
O derry, dring ding, dring do,
I'm King Morroco's daughter.
Some chose white kings all frost and snow,
Some princes of all weathers;
O derry, dring ding, dring do,
Give me gold dust and feathers!"

Something of a song the children sung for sport,
Beating the measure of the tune with noiseless feet;
What time the lame young fiddler left our court,
Who rendered them of Irish jigs a passing treat;
And as they skirled at length of sol-fa tethers,
I mused on what Povertie once declared of victory,
dust, and feathers!

It crept eerilie, he said, about his heart,
How little change there is in all creation;

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'Twas but one history, with old terms we juggled apart,
Calling oats savage, chaff civilization;
All old passions were strong, old ambitions yet, old lust;
Both sides the same—unchangeable—for feathers and gold dust.

My large library now is most full and complete,
Its shelves teem with rare authors—ancient volumes and new;
Several there that old Povertie "coft" for a treat,
To be read much aloud when we'd no work to do.
How he'd borrow pet poet, obtain loan of romance,
Play, or treatise, from Germany, Italy, France.

Intellectual Bryant, great Longfellow, second-hand he'd bought.
"Hiawatha," Povertie called the loveliest of ballads new;
So full of foreign fancies, poet-conception, music, thought,
And Indian pastoral picture, startling, fresh and true;
To America he still would off-cap, and the New Land really thank
For Cooper, Irving, Melville, Channing—men of the foremost rank!

Graceful Cowper, philosophic Wordsworth, were small additions of mine;
Their sweet verse-thinking and pure, fruitful lays,
So simply truthful, refined, and good, shed sooth, a light divine,
Povertie avowed at once on his ruder, brusquer ways;

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And all the "bonnie lasses," too, the eloquent
L. E. L.
Baillie, Hemans, Porter, Mitford, oh, he loved them
well!

Walter Scott, the patriot genius, romantic, yet wondrous
wise;
Milton and later Pollock, high meditating pair;
Gœthe, the German seer, with potent, weird psych-
ologies,
Dryden, Johnson, Goldsmith, all of his heart had
share.
Shakespeare and Schiller's dramas would in their turn
regale,
And Povertie much relished too Racine and tragic
Corneille.

Sheridan Knowles the actor, preacher, hearty, earnest,
brave,
The ingenuous dramatist of the noblest themes;
Whose plays, a fine unswerving instigation gave
Men's hearts to lift o'er sordid earthly dreams;
His grand "Virginius" tragedy, his stage poem of
"William Tell,"
At reciting, Povertie did indeed, impressively excel.

I pick out for perusal oft books we thus read;
Magnificent Byron, or Burns king of poesy free;
But indeed, if the plain spoken fact may be said,
Our old much worn Bible most is favourite with me.
Tho' its binding is shabby yet—quite a disgrace—
Would I give it for everything else in the place!

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The might of honest wit, the power of true reasoning;
Of Faith's rewards received and Mercy's promises kept,
Of poor people's daily wants and God's supplies, I sing:
That fraudulent pride from off the earth be swept,
I've mentioned rascals, who with crazed conceit
Would blot out honest life and substitute deceit.

My story, if't indeed be one, is not sensational;
For numbers far too tame; most sure,
Also, to disappoint the hotly educational,
As being impertinent, forsooth, and immature.
But Povertie, unless he prove deeply a criminal,
Is only continuously interesting to the poor.

There are many who jeer with sarcasm sincere,
And who trust I may never my eulogy rue;
But, as far as they know, my direst foe,
That Povertie was who clung to me all thro';
And now that he's gone, "'tis distance lends
Enchantment," say they, to my favoring view.

But they triumph o'er all, do these old hills and dales,
Where we trudged oft and sung o'er the bright blooming heather;
And they win back my heart, the towns, clachans, glens, vales,
Where we travelled, toiled, suffered, together.
For his great gift of patience, I honour our strife,
And thank heaven for his treasure, loves' jewel, my wife.

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And oh, nevermore will I set store
By the things of vain and foolish Pride;
But Wisdom's treasures, paths and pleasures,
Will prize 'fore all beside;
For ugly, God knows, tho' once seemèd hè,
Yet beautiful now is wise Povertie.

SONG.

There are dark thoughts from old Care,
Sing together;
There are ills 'tis hard to bear,
Sing together;
There are high hopes on the fall,
There are woes that loudly call,
Yet there 's sunshine for us all,
Sing together.

There are bosoms fraught with sighs,
Sing together;
There are tear-drops in bright eyes,
Sing together;
There are aims full of good-will,
Which Ambition strives to kill,
Yet there 's sunshine for us still,
Sing together.

There are partings between friends,
Sing together;
But the worst of quarrels ends,
Sing together;

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There are deeds the brave regret,
Of snares, false promises—a net—
But there 's sunshine for us yet,
Sing together.

There are little quiet graves,
Sing together;
Where the churchyard flow'ret waves,
Sing together;
And for all who Error stem,
Let whoso will condemn,
There is sunshine beyond them,
Sing together.

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MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

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THE WARRIOR'S GIFT.

OLD Bridgenorth courts re-echo loud
With shout and trumpet blast;
The castle walls are showering down
Their arrows, thick and fast.
"There stands King Hal," a bowman cries,
His crest he bears too nigh;
Ho, monarch, ho, here's for thy pains,
Thy plume in dust shall lie!"

The leaguered archer to his ear
The fatal arrow drew,
But a brave heart sprang the Prince before,
And caught the death that flew.
Low spake the gallant Hubert then,
While flowed the crimson tide;
"My child, my child I leave to thee,
Guard her, dear King," and died.

King Henry's home-towers ring with glee,
With knightly dance and song;
In the palace halls grand chivalry
And ladies bright now throng.
For years his faithful warrior's gift
The King hath kept with care;

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Now, to a chief of high degree
He weds the fair St. Clair.

"Her father was my noblest friend—
De Longueville wear his name;
Be proud, too, of thy bride, his child,
For deathless is his fame."
"All hail! all hail!" harped minstrels then,
"A ruler true we sing!
Proud be our land of its warriors,
And prouder of their King."

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FALSE IS MY TRUE LOVE.

SONG.

I HEAR elms murmuring low,
I hear the distant deep
Uplift its song with mournful flow,
To hush the night to sleep.
But night winds moan and sob aloud,
And wail in strange unrest,
While wearily my heart is bowed
With spirit all unbless'd.
I cannot love, my peace is lost,
My gentle life, my dove!
I cannot hate, soul wildly crossed,
Where, where is thy dear love?

I look into my heart, and find
No hope, no patient trust;
I think of thy words, and my mind
Is prostrate with the dust.
For the past and its dream of life,
All bright with quiet bowers,
My love, now love, now hate and strife,
Is lost thro' all the hours.
I cannot love, my peace is lost,
My gentle life, my dove!
I cannot hate, soul wildly crossed,
Though false is thy dear love!

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BLOOM, GAY SPRING-FLOWERS.

SONG.

Bloom, gay spring-flowers, in beauty bloom,
While on a shining flood
Of golden beams your rich perfume
Floats through the leafy wood.
Live all, live all your little life,
In rest and summer bliss,
Ne'er knowing ruder breath of strife
Than zephyr's gentle kiss.

'Mid songs of streams by vale and hill,
Sweet gifts from heaven above,
With balmy incense-thought fulfil
Your mission here of love.
My gathering hand shall ne'er deface,
Or pluck your lives away.
Bloom, holy things, keep bright your place
Till winter brings decay.

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THE EARLY SWALLOW.

I.

ONE late spring-day a swallow came,
While the sun shone forth with a midsummer flame,
And, clinging close to my casement frame,
It twitter'd, twitter'd cheerily.
Then like sudden thought—like a new sprung breeze—
Like a dreamer's start—more quick e'en than these—
It darted off, and skimm'd 'mid the trees,
Twitt'ring the while all cheerily.

II.

All that livelong day it came and went,
As if on some secret mission bent,
Still missing the one for whom 'twas sent
Tho' it twitter'd, twitter'd cheerily.
Now 'twould spread its wings and sail on the air,
Anon it would dive thro' the sunbeams glare,
And I thought I had ne'er seen thing so fair,
As it twitter'ed, twitter'd cheerily.

III.

Next day was a day of storm and rain,
And I sighed as I sat at my casement pane,

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For in veriest sooth came that bird again,
But it twitter'd, twitter'd drearily.
The sleet o'er the earth like a shroud was spread,
From its ice-pointed shafts had my swallow fled,
While its tiny frame quiver'd, and droop'd its head,
As it twitter'd, twitter'd drearily.

IV.

I stretched forth my hand—poor flutterer, how shy!
Yet it lacked now the power away to fly;
While its trembling soul spoke thro' its little eye,
As it gasp'd, not twitter'd, drearily!
In a moment the perishing thing was my own,
But alas! too late, my best hope was o'erthrown;
Between terror and chill its sweet spirit had flown;
No more would it twitter cheerily.

V.

Poor sensitive bird, how many like thee,
Thought I, in this treacherous world there be,
Who are lured by a day of its flattery
To sing, with fond hope, all cheerily!
But who, buffetted, trampled on, groan for the past,
And shrink from the storm in their hard lot cast,
Till scorn upon scorn o'ercome them at last,
And they drop in their graves all wearily!

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ON LOMOND'S SIDE.

On Lomond's side, where waters calm
And placid spread away,
When o'er them floated summer balm,
And in them shone the day;
While hills rose all around, above,
Serener than the tide,
I met fair Agnes, lady-love,
On bright Loch Lomond's side.
And then I vow'd I'd build a song,
Her beauty for its theme,
And all the world should wonder long,
And my sweet vision dream.

In song her loveliness should last
All beautiful and young;
But years on years have o'er me passed,
My song is still unsung;
The gladsome wish of that bright day,
That she might be my bride,
Hath fallen from earthly hope away,
Like a leaf on Lomond's tide;
Yet, Agnes, yet, some peaceful hour
Brings back the hills, the stream,
Each lowly cot, each lordly tower,
Thy beauty and my dream.

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"ONE SWALLOW DOES NOT MAKE A "SUMMER."*

I.

STRANGE! I have beheld but thee,
Calm floating little white-breast comer.
One swallow—a wingèd solitary—
Companionless, tho' far thro' the summer.
Though I've wandered by the river,
Where, in happier days of yore,
Swallows skimmed and flew for ever,
In many a transient summer score.

II.

Yet there, as lost, were all thy kindred,
While in their haunts thy memory grieves.
No, not a nest beside the windows;
Nothing twittering 'neath the eaves.
Whither have thy playmates gone?
Are they hast'ning o'er the sea?
All this May and June alone—
Will they come no more with thee?

---

* An ornithological fact in Lower Glasgow in the summer of 1873.

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III.

If 'twere pretending, vain and shallow,
Little welcome, lonely comer,
To tell I'd seen but thee, dear swallow,
Only thee, while 'tis midsummer;
Men well might say I was fantastic,
Dreamer fond of fiction odd,
While around us vast and plastic,
Spread the Universe of God.

IV.

But truth is wondrous, and 'tis true,
While out upon these lengthening days,
No bird hath met my eye like you,
Tho' I've looked and marvelled many ways.
And still the June is glorious, grand!
Gold beams kiss blossoms all day long.
And in this light, thought of you at hand,
I can only vouch the proverb wrong!

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I LOVE TO FORGET THEE.

I.

I LOVE to forget thee, tho' still in the light
Of the noon, in the dew of the eve,
Recollections unwilling to sorrow unite,
And again over lost hours I grieve—
All the kind words once spoken and uttered in vain—
The affection, the trust—all for tears!
Oh, the soul of upbraiding arises again,
And I welcome each thought from fresh years.
I love to forget thee.

II.

I love to forget thee—the dreams of the past—
And the bright hopes all lost in decay;
The glory, that promised for ever to last,
Long since faded in darkness away!
For the memories that trouble in silence depart,
And regret for things vanished doth cease,
For a new inspiration then comes to my heart,
To my bosom, the blessing of peace.
I love to forget thee.

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I HAVE HAPPY MOMENTS ALL.

When worldly minds with busy brain
Are whispering doubts of thee,
And dark misgivings come again
To bid all comfort flee,
I yield, perchance, to moments strange,
All filled with bosom fears,
And oft lament the fancied change
With bitter sighs and tears;
But then once more thy kind smile beams—
It comes at Memory's call—
I see thee, and again bright dreams,
I have happy moments all.

At morn, when o'er the mountains high
The golden sunlight breaks,
And all is joyous—earth and sky—
My soul to contest wakes.
For cruel hearts, to wound my peace,
With mocking taunt and jest,
Would teach me scorn, ah, ne'er to cease,
For her I love the best;
But then, once more thy kind smile beams—
It comes at Memory's call—
I see thee, and again bright dreams,
I have happy moments all.

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FISHERMAN'S SONG.

SAUCY billows o'er the sand,
Tumble further up the strand,
Higher, nearer, to the land,
  Hark! hark! the tide is making.
Comrades, gaily launch the yawl,
Lend a hand, lads, one and all,
Run her down, where billows fall,
  And loud the surf is breaking.
    Saucy billows o'er the sand,
    Tumble further up the strand,
    Higher, nearer, to the land,
      Hark! hark! the tide is making.

Crested waves of ocean leap,
And the sea-weed branches creep,
And the gather'd sea-shells keep,
  Slow, up the old shore taking.
Float her off, boys! yo, heave, oh!
Shoulders to't—away we'll go!
Dash in, knee-deep, where billows flow,
  And loud the surf is breaking.
    Saucy billows o'er the sand,
    Tumble further up the strand,
    Higher, nearer, to the land,
      Hark! hark! the tide is making.

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Comrades, now, where spreads the blue,
Fast we bid the land adieu,
Far from loving hearts and true,
At gloaming we are sailing.
But we'll toil till morning-light
Reveals our silvery prize of night,
And our return with captures bright
Blythe wives, blythe bairns, are hailing.

Fishers, rivals, haste before—
But for all there's glorious store—
The bay is wide from shore to shore,
And Providence ne'er failing.

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I WATCH THE WORLDS FADE AWAY.

I.

OLD hopes come crowding back again,
As tho' they ne'er had cheated life—
Old memories busy with my brain,
And bye-gone dreams and fears are rife.
Bright pleasures, loves, dark doubts of love;
Past moments, lit with blissful ray—
Despairs throng round me, while, above,
I watch the worlds fade away.

II.

'Tis morning twilight, pure and calm—
The earth is wrapped in slumbers deep—
While fraught with beauty and with balm,
The grey sky lightens o'er each steep.
I see old friends, their words I hear,
Yet faith is all of yesterday;
I feel no future stir or cheer,
As world on world still fades away.

III.

The day hath come, the spheres flee fast;
Now pales this orb, now that is gone—

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Till heaven a desert seems at last,
And earth to live in space alone.
A hazy wilderness of blue;
All lost the magic host, whose play
Of signs lent thought one impulse new—
The worlds I watched thus fade away.

IV.

Yet why doth fancy muse on these?
The earth abounds with odour blessed—
While pouring from a myriad trees
Sweet music moves with love my breast.
Blythe melody, rich fragrance, charm—
Great light and gladness fill the day;
Far holier thoughts and feelings warm,
That ne'er, Christ tells, will fade away.

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ANNIE.

I.

THE autumn night-wind is sighing,
'Mid showers of falling leaves—
Amid flowers drooping, dying,
The autumn night-wind grieves.
There is no star in all the sky,
No song of bird from tree;
Yet heedless of the change am I,
Thou'rt stars and flowers to me,
Annie!
Thou'rt stars and flowers to me.

II.

Although the summer-time be past
Although flowers droop and die,
Although the night-sky be o'ercast,
Yet heedless all am I!
Though gloom distress the passing hours,
There's sunshine floats round thee;
For summer, music, stars, and flowers,
Thou art them all to me,
Annie!
Thou art them all to me.

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THE TREASURE.*

THE roar of the world-tide of ever-burdening life
Sweeps past without,
A restless, varying flood of conflict-sound; dull strife,
Wheels, footsteps, murmur, shout.

At times it fades away, and of some distant cataract-pour
The echo seems.
Anon, the untoward hour the ebbing inundation doth restore,
The flow of night-mare dreams.

Ambition, lust, toil, greed, want; all things mankind oppressing,
Weary, low, bad.
Malice debauched and reckless, hate ruthless, distressing,
Pride, envy sad.

The purple pavilions of the setting sun,
Gold-pennon dressed.
Are gathered like a glorious city, an eternal town,
Out in the west.

There are yet many sprits, harmless, industrious, bright,
Manly and true,

---

* James Watt, the celebrated Engineer, preserved and kept constantly beside him, the books his beloved son, who died at an early age, used at school.

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Where rolls the darker throng, whose cheery laugh
and speech ring light,
And guileless too.

'Tis likewise well, that on the tumultuous thoroughfare,
Amid Envy's rabble rout,
Walk honest men who welcome inventions new, who
do so dare,
Despite all sneer or doubt.

From the great shops of science, craft, the eager mart
Of commerce come,
I sit me down, while daylight doth depart,
In my own quiet home.

My dwelling humble, though my fame is grand,
And fills the earth
With news from sea to sea, from land to furthest land,
Of Skill's new birth.

But tho' of wondrous steam, the novel dower,
No man may tell,
The yet untried achievements—the power—
Truly a miracle!

I am content, awhile, to let all speculation cease;
To seek me here
A sanctuary, a refuge from all thought—a peace
Than fame more dear.

The sun rays linger in the apartment yet,
As round my heart his ways,

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I sit and sigh, turn o'er the books he used—the set
Of schoolboy days.

My darling boy! dear climber to my breast!
But—'twas His will.
I see thy playground in the golden west,
I feel thou lov'st me still.

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Castle Folly.

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Castle Folly.

——:o:——

I.

There was a mansion old and worn,
And crumbling to decay,
With ruined roofing, doorways torn,
And staircases away.
With ragged window apertures,
Fire-places in the walls,
But not a timber of its floors,
No vestige of its halls.
And all about, within, without,
Great multitudes of stones,
Terraces of land, dust, ashes, sand,
And broken tiles and bones.

And up and down there was a lane,
On this side and on that;
One, garden back-door mews, of twain,
Most known to dog and cat.
The other called by folks a wynd,
Whose portals still on latch,
Both night and day you'd often find
Beneath their roofs of thatch.

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And through this row, quite wide enow
To let two carters pass,
A passage small, led people all
To the unsightly mass.

Led to the tumble-down esplanade,
The higgledy-piggledy square,
Where stood the house that Time had made
Delapidation there.
And in the autumn gloamings, bats
Would wheel the old walls o'er,
And from hole-labyrinths changeful rats,
To and fro run by the score.
Long the opening served, and was preserved
As rugged thoroughfare,
From wynd to lane and back again,
Across the batter'd square.

But none now knew, why he who built
Had left his domicile
Without a laird to keep't, as guilt
Had bann'd and doomed the pile
To be a useless, tabooed place,
Neglected, stricken, crossed,
To be still shunned by all his race,
Repaired not, wasted, lost.
The name it got, amid its rot,
Rats, bats, and melancholy,
By young and old, whenever told,
Was always "Castle Folly."

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II.

One summer afternoon I slept,
While swallows twitter'd near,
And past my window rapid swept,
Now far away, now near;
When presently amid my sleep
This history did show,
Did like a panorama keep,
Picturing the house below.
Who built, his fate—who drank and ate
Within its dining-rooms;
After he died, how all the pride
Fell down like touchwood looms.

The first I saw, gay friends surround
With merrie hearts and song,
Was the owner of this mansion sound,
Large, elegant and strong.
A hale and hearty man I ween,
Who ne'er let bottle lag,
Who with his laugh and merrie spleen
Would oft of's riches brag;
Of bargains made, ill-luck gainsay'd,
Of his customers i' the town;
When for cash they fail'd, how he ne'er quailed,
And never would come down.

And night by night he would carouse,
His favourites feast and treat;
In Scotland never was there house
Consumed more drink and meat.

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Banquets, with wines from Portugal,
Cigars from Indian isle,
While waxen lights, in holders tall,
Of silver, perfumed smile;
And chairs would come, a constant hum,
All silken lined and neat,
Leave and return at early morn
For guests who had lost their feet.

Thus merry years rolled gaily on,
In night revel and mirth,
Than our splendid Glasgow merchant none,
More successful upon earth.
Nor one in world, from end to end,
More constant at his toil;
Stedfast at desk, at books, to send,
Pay, get, a brisk turmoil.
While bales of goods there came by floods,
By sea, canal, and river,
And waggon-loads, clad streets and roads
For ever and for ever.

This was the style on all week-days,
No matter how before,
The night's debauch, made him uprise
With aching head, and sore.
With appetite for breakfast bad,
With bosom rather eerie,
With trembling hand, with eyelids sad,
And heart a little weary.
All the week-days, these were his ways,
And much he pushed and traded;

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Thus, entirely seen—then home at e'en,
Where friends his board invaded.

Yet who would ever recognise
At kirk on Sabbath-day,
The bachanal in the Elder wise,
Who came to sing and pray.
In suit of black clothes of the best,
In ample pew who sat,
Knee-breeches, great frill'd shirt o'er vest,
Shoe buckles and cock'd hat.
His shining brow and smooth-comb'd pow,
Of meekness were a fund,
Save that his nose, somewhat swollen arose,
And verily rubicund.

But solemnly hat within the pew
He would beside him lay,
And reverently, when to service due
Would he stand up and pray.
In all the congregation none
More circumspect, devout,
No nodding e'er the sermon done,
No looking oft about;
No yawning wide—naught would betide
Of inattention to pastor.
Still at business; Sabbath invoices
The texts that thus he'd pass o'er.

Then when at home, droll Sunday wight,
How bless'd the relaxation!

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No better time than Sunday night
To improve the situation
Of thirsty sinners in a string
All jovial round his table.
Who under it would sometimes sing
Strange psalms, when most unable;
But host was brave, and still forgave
All surfeit and satiety.
Things rarely vext, mild Sunday text
Healed blunders in propriety:

But wine and wassail still must cease,
The fondest guests depart,
All "riotous living" brings its peace,
Tho' still with aching heart,
And troubled brain and idle hope
That youth will be renewed;
As if debauchery e'er could cope
For blessing with the good.
Exciting years thus bright, night after night,
With luxuries, troops of friends,
With song and jest, with wines the best—
But every system ends.

No cunning could prevent decay
From coming on his frame.
And sudden, Merchant died one day,
Had but himself to blame.
So people told, who knew how wild
The habits of his parlour life!
How fast he lived! unbless'd by child,
Uncheer'd by help-meet wife.

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In's prime and pride the Merchant died;
His nephew, then his heir,
Succeeded to ships, goods, monies due,
Wines, house and all things there.

This Nephew was a different man,
He seldom gave a feast;
The Uncle's mode of life his plan
Resembled not the least.
His ways were hard, and even mean,
So all the topers vowed;
No idlers round his table seen—
But "business men" allowed.
Albeit, the Writer, friendly fighter
Of Uncle's litigations, still,
As in days of old, as witty, as bold,
With Nephew drank his fill.

Sometimes the Nephew voyaged a trip
His profits to enhance;
Took the owner-command of gallant ship
To sunny Spain or France.
And precious cargoes he'd bring home
At wondrous rates of speed;
For navigator he, and used to roam
From his youth till now, indeed.
No neighbour took note, or cared a groat,
If he were aboard or ashore,
For a sedan chair was seldom there,
And the merry old nights were o'er!

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By before-hand orders, his sales were designed,
Quick voyages, Nephew contrived;
And to others' stores were most consigned
All goods when they arrived.
Still, below the old house, wine cellars ample
Were filled. Knowing ones would dine
And pay fabulous prices for shares, per sample,
Of some wonderful cellar-wine.
Laces and silks, in sundry ilks,
'Twas whispered that vintage was;
Tho', go down below—bins, bottles, in row,
For Custom-house applause.

When bark came home, would Tartan's friends—
For this name they Nephew called—
Gather round the ship-cars at their store door-ends,
And have open consignments o'er-hauled.
Then 'twas noticed, to mansion, tho' seldomer there,
Went to dine the best in the city;
Came the wealthy and proud to enjoy his fare,
Came the learned, the wise, and witty.
Then anon would he again to sea,
And Tartan's home at night look dreary,
All hushed, locked up, nor dine nor sup,
Save for servants old and weary.

But such crony meetings now were ne'er as before;
Never dinner-party riot;
No noisy songs, no table in a roar,
All decorum, almost quiet;
So much so, that the house began
To lose its ancient fame,

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And prophets said, this Nephew-man
Would yet be his Uncle's shame:
A mean despiser—he'd die a miser—
Even now he would skin a flea;
And such fine place, 'twas a disgrace
To give Jack-tar absentee.

But Tartan came home from Marseilles in France,
One lovely summer-tide,
And with cargo, brought a sweet romance,
In the shape of a beauteous bride.
And the old house wax'd glad, not gay, again,
While his lovely lady grew
Such a pet with the humble neighbours then,
Any service they'd her do.
And nothing pleased, or better teazed,
These cottars than to hear
Her speak and smile in French, the while,
As if they knew, poor dear!

Thus time went on, and a son was born,
But scarce born ere it died;
And the Captain was at sea, when torn
From him was his wee pride.
When he came home and heard the news,
He tenderly caressed
His bonnie wife, and could not choose
But to be much distressed.
For other woe, he brought also,
Sad tidings for his fair;
Unlucky chance—a war with France—
He may sail no longer there.

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Some months he lived with his dove at home;
Seeming so content on land,
Folks thought he nevermore would roam,
While business he could command
With the buyers and sellers his Uncle had
Brought around him, a great connection
For Manufactures; tho' altogether home-made,
Yet a trade to banish dejection
With golden yield; but altho' the field
To him was a free and open road,
Still, preferred he, the deep blue sea
And merchandise from abroad.

At length to sail he for far Bombay,
To the land of brocades and spices;
Thence, a plentiful cargo to bear away
Of coffees, teas, and rices:
Of ornaments of silver and gold;
Of beautiful robes and shawls
From the Indian looms—a treat to behold—
With their golden tassels and balls.
But he was sad, not cheery and glad,
As his wont when bidding adieu;
A pulse at his heart made him loth to part,
Made him fear this voyage he'd rue.

But he shook it away, as imagining
Unmanly, childish, weak;
Altho' wife wept, poor foolish thing,
And could no farewell speak.
He gazed, and said, "If aught hap amiss,
When I, love, am from hence,

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Ere I bound back myself to domestic bliss,
I will, still on some pretence,
A lad send before, who will bring petty store
Of oriental wares or tea;
Thro' him you will tell, if all be well,
And I may come to thee."

One foggy, cold, November night,
The frost hardening all about,
When no star shed a ray of light,
Came a loud knock and a shout
For entrance at Captain Tartan's door,
Whose wife sat within alone,
Praying for his welfare o'er and o'er,
A far voyage to India gone.
When the door was oped, not long they stopped,
But searched from roof to floor;
Each closet and chest, nor then would rest,
But the wine-cellars must explore.

And so they bored, while all surprise,
Did Madam the servants call,
To show those king's officers, what lies
Had brought them there at all.
But alack! for innocence and truth,
Behind the bins in each wall
Were a range of cupboards, hid, forsooth,
Full of silks and laces all;
French smuggled stuffs. No jeers, rebuffs,
Did these men fling on her state.
But the leader said, "This house, goods, trade,
In the King's name confiscate!"

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"You will pardon me," and in French he spoke,
That she might well understand,
"But by this has many a man been broke,
This defrauding of the land;
This juggling taxes, cheating revenues
Of their lawful impost-rights;
It has made many Christians worse than Jews,
And has led to a hundred fights,
But enough now said, tho' I'm afraid,
You must prisoner here remain,
Under watch and ward, under constant guard,
Till your man come home again."

Next day Tartan's family lawyer came:
He argued 'twas all mistake,
Those things were put there in the Uncle's time
Ere Nephew possession did take.
And that there, unknown to him they had lain,
To him and his lovely wife.
But the King's men held, that neither to Spain
Nor to France in all his life
Did the fuddling Uncle, with carbuncle
Nose, and shiny brow,
Carry on a trade—his wealth was made
By home-made goods, they trow.

As for Madame, she was innocent
Of all knowledge of the fraud
They could well believe; but since Mother Eve
Most women loved to gaud.
Therefore, till Captain Tartan came,
Expected every day,

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They'd have care his spouse should take no blame,
Should not go far astray;
Writer first looked queer, next quite severe,
And knit his lawyer brow;
Then leaving, addressed, "This is wrongous arrest,
'Tis at your perils now."

Several days and nights had slowly passed,
Sans news of expected bark,
When her maid slipped a welcome packet at last
By a lad brought after dark.
Madame's guards were now all careless grown,
Would doubt the case much, and dine;
Thereafter would smoke and muse alone
With bellyful of wine.
A great favourite, the lady quite
Ruled them all but her own way;
Tho' there were some, quite deaf and dumb,
Escaped she any day.

III.

"My husband, against treachery fear,
Wherever thou dost roam,
And no more dream of coming here—
The land shark 's in our home.
And I, a prisoner, scarce can dare
To pen this hasty line,
While of my guards, one sleepeth there,
All overcome by wine.

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"The trusty maid, who last conveyed,
My letter to thy lad,
Again will bear, with speedy care,
This news will make thee mad.

"But do not come, Dear Husband, seek
At once Columbia's shore;
They'll search for thee in each Clyde-creek,
Every port and bay explore.
Your stores are known, yourself proclaimed
A smuggler thro' the land;
Your laces seized, your silks condemned
As utter contraband.
Tho' they detain, 'tis without pain,
For me they cannot touch;
Spoke our lawyer so—"How could she know,
That e'er these goods were such?"

"My keeper's restless; love, adieu,
Haste, find some far retreat;
Hither again is not for you,
Who welcomed would but cheat.
A long farewell, my rover brave,
Prove warning not in vain,
One day I'll follow o'er the wave,
We yet may meet again."
This billet closed, while still reposed
Unconscious booze in chair,
Maid bears past guard, quick to court-yard,
To lad in hiding there.

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And cautiously the younker feels
His way out in the dark;
By little postern door he steals
Through wall of the smuggler's ark.
Then entering on the outer wynd
As lightly as a bird,
He left two thatchèd cots behind
And lifted latch of third.
An old pair bless his sign of success,
And watch the livelong night,
Till from his bed, awakenèd,
He leaves with morning light.

Oh, faithfully, carelessly and well
Walketh he the district round;
So that, indeed, whence none could tell,
Nor on what errand bound.
But under youth-step and light heart
No man did e'er suspect
Was hidden subtlety, so smart,
'Twere well they might detect.
An apprentice lad, nor good nor bad,
But common, thoughtless, gay,
Sent on errand-call he looked to all
Who met him on their way.

IV.

Years full of change, quite fifty and more,
Had gone into the past,
When an aged man of snowy four-score
Stood in the court aghast.

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He looked at the mansion old and worn,
And crumbling to decay,
With ruined cupboards, doorways torn,
And staircases away.
With ragged window apertures,
Fireplaces in the walls,
But not a timber of its floors,
No vestige of its halls.
"My happy home! why did I roam
Away from wife and thee?
Oh, what but greed? there was no need.
Woe worth the day—woes me!"

"And she, the sweet and beautiful,
My love-heart, foreign dove;
From the hour we parted, sad and dull,
In that home unseen, my love.
My lonely heart, my stricken years,
Where once bid all so bright, so fair!
Take warning all by these salt tears
That ill-got gain is still a snare.
A last adieu!" when from my view
The vision fled away.
In my arm-chair, I do declare,
I'd slept nigh half the day.

Below where stood cots, mansion lorn,
Rose chemist's chimney tall;
And blocks of factories, stores, unshorn
Of particle of wall.
The gardens in lane all built upon,
Remained no bit of green;

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Of "Castle Folly" heaps, no stone,
Not a fragment to be seen.
A boyish memory had brought to me
The old wynd cots, wild square,
The lane beyond, "Castle Folly" stand,
And "throughgaun" ruins there.

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MAZARIN;

OR,

THE BRIGAND CARDINAL.

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MAZARIN;

OR,

THE BRIGAND CARDINAL.

——:o:——

SCENE.—*The interior of a cave, partly formed by nature, but principally of artificial construction. The debris of ransacked luggage, and other signs, such as broken weapons and scattered pieces of armour, denote that it is the temporary hiding-place of some lawless and plundering fraternity.* MAZARIN, *whose appearance is more that of a simple peasant than a leader of banditti, discovered alone, reclining on a rude stone seat. The cavern is supposed to be near a forest district on the highway between Calais and Paris.*

TIME.—*Winter about the middle of the 17th Century.*

MAZARIN *is intently watching a spider spinning, and hanging by its thread from the roof of the cavern.*

O SUN, and moon, and earth!
O stars, and winds, and oceans!
O space, eternity, and unresting time!
O wondrous light and darkness!

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I see an insect hanging in the air
By an invisible thread depending still,
That coils, uncoils, weaves, and reweaves;
Spinning upward or downward ever as it listeth,
With no apparent store of strength,
No look of purpose, nor even look of health
For the strange ærial labour.
Everlasting miracle!
Riddle no bigger than a brass pin-head;
Mystery vast as is all boundless space.
I cannot grasp at it. My soul falters
And falls before the omnipotent thought!
I behold and know not;
I only see an insect working there.
O sun, and moon, and earth!
O stars, and winds, and ocean!
O great eternity and rolling years!
O wondrous light and darkness!
That moves without my help, as ye do!

Insect! thou seem'st all human erudition;
A type of puzzled ignorance I stand before you.
True, I could crush thee—could instantly rend thy thread—
I have that power, the power to make thee naught!
But it is feebleness ineffable compared to thine!
Preacher, teacher, my little friend, hast hither come
The "still small voice" to exhibit practically,
Thou tiny embodiment of all grand theologies?
With thy one thread more than them all most eloquent
To illustrate that power divine—the All-Supreme!
O France! I am thy thief and not thy weaver!

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Yet the material is all from one Source.
And I weave, too. Let him who hath to him
Who hath not give, is the august command of holy writ.
They will not give—not they, and so I take.
I make the rich to help the poor;
Melt down their superfluous gold buttons and their baubles;
Strip off the bullion from the flunkeys' caps,
And with it shelter poverty's uncovered head—
The head of poor France!
"If a man steal for hunger, it is no sin,"
So said wise Solomon, who built the temple.
And if a Ruler steal to feed the famished State,
Recruit its armies and renew its life;
Lift it from famine and derangement
To power and health and beauty 'mong the nations;
Humph—that is hardly a transgression;
Still less one, if it be her pampered dissipation
That he robs. Tho' tis wonderful the names
Ingratitude may find for it.
Every fresh levy is a green-eyed grievance dire;
Each new tax a despot-envy at our good folks thriving.
No matter tho' hell gape to swallow us.
So runs fatten'd garrulity riot—so hob-a-nobs with imbecility;
Wealthy vulgarity ever blind to all necessities save its own.
An autumn without sunshine is an awful thought;
Yet thus would they leave the Minister of France,
These generous time-servers!

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I tremble, but 'tis with the winter cold,
The raw, wild, pitiless rain.
I sigh for fire, and almost shrink from toil,
Or effort, 'mid the dreary out-door blackness.
My delicate youth, beat down with soldier-tasks,
Here flits, with all the intolerable Valteline.
I hear ever without the power-cry of starvation;
I feel within the pangs of peasant hunger,
And all the world one moment looks against me!
I'm moved, I'm troubled, like a moaning sea.
But thou art calm, in quiet weaving there;
Calm as a far-off planet looking down on earth—
Contented as an infant rolled up on a couch.
Wilt wait in patience thus for summer flies:
Why have not Rulers that gift? Patience, forsooth.
Or, wilt thou do thy work,
And then wasted, exhausted, die for want?
Ah! governing man hath that gift—a Royal one—
For all—but flatterers.
Yet Providence is thy king, thou wilt be helped;
I have a vision of the golden summer,
And o'er the lily leaves, I see thee crawl,
And shudder. Wherefore? Is't discreet this same revulsion?
Wilt thou not anon in some gay field
Remember me and this cold highway cave;
And shrinking then, recoil thyself in double fear,
To hide from uglier discontent?
That is the newest name for suffering.
Yet, of all miserable things on earth,
Thou seem'st most vile and despicable,
Tho' thou art lovelier than they,

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Who, all remorseless, crush thee at thy work,
Or scorn thee at it!
God made thee and thou art beautiful,
Thy little limbs most wonderful to see,
In spasmy convolutions of minute anatomy.
God loves thee, and I, too, at least,
Must learn of thee to cease to shudder.
Ay—at the fate and contact of much finery,
The strange companionship prepared for it.
God made thee, and thou art powerful—
Powerful to move my soul, as not all France could move it.
God made thee for me, and He is merciful!
How now; what news?

[*Enter Guillaume, his Page.*]

Guillaume.—The cortege is descending the hill.
Cardinal.—Away then, Guillaume, brave, faithful boy,
And tell my men, I come—to sanctify the deed.

[*Exit Guillaume.*]

This old casque—I've worn it more than once—
And this still older breast-plate will be mask enough,
Do thine own business, working with thine own hands;
Stirring and sacred counsel.

[*Puts on Armour.*]

Condé and Turenne have had a rare tax-gatherer!
In such disguise the rich Duke ne'er will recognise
The Minister his opulence at all times remembers not.

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And France needs now a subtle craftsman.
Ah! poor insect, I had forgotten thee,
Thy busy thread passed roughly thro',
And all is ruin for thee!
Humph! 'tis scarce a lucky omen.

[*Exit.*]

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Songs from Scripture.

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Songs from Scripture.

——:o:——

"THE REEDS AND FLAGS SHALL WITHER BY THE BROOKS."

The reeds and flags shall wither by the brooks,
And the fishers for the waters shall mourn;
Oh, wearily they'll lament familiar nooks,
But the waters will no more return.
For the rivers shall be turned far away,
Sweet flowers and all sown things die together;
Trees be blighted, trunk and branch fall and decay,
Where the reeds and the flags shall wither!

A wilderness shall be where the streams
Sang up to the golden day,
And only in night visions, in men's dreams,
Will water ever cover the dry clay.
Oh, the fishers shall languish in vain,
'Mid the waste and the dust heaped thither;
No brook-song will e'er be again,
Where the reeds and the flags shall wither.

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"BROTHER, BE OF GOOD COURAGE."

Be of good courage, brother, there are pleasant fields before,
And gentle springs with flowery brim, and clear stream trickling o'er,
And leafy bowers about them, full of odours you love best,
Where your weary limbs may freshen, and your wearier spirit rest.
There are shadows round thy path e'en now, that fast blot out the beams,
And voices through them warning thee from vain deceitful dreams,
And flinty ways and thorny, yet distress thy pilgrim feet,
But faint thee not, my brother, beyond there's calm retreat.

Be of good courage, brother, through the long and drear turmoil
Of worldly snares and darknesses; hold up, and onward toil;
Look up to Him who loveth thee when love from earth is gone,
And thy road will lead to victory with every setting sun.
Be of good courage, brother, there were roses in each bower,
An earnest faith still gained for thee, through many a by-gone hour;
And tho' the toil seem endless, the struggle never o'er,
Yet faint thee not, dear brother, the brightest is before.

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"THEY HAVE BLOWN THE TRUMPET."

THE rod hath blossom'd, pride hath budded,
The evil day hath come,
The morning is gone forth, and yet
The voice of grief is dumb.
For Israel there's no wailing, tho'
Heaven's wrath be on them all;
Tho' they've blown the battle trumpet
And none answer to the call.

Famine's within, the sword without,
Wild trouble glooms the sky;
In the city, struck with pestilence,
In the field, by sword they die.
The time is come—the end is come,
Its watching for them 's o'er;
On the four corners of the land
Its fury doth down-pour.

In the streets their gold and silver
They cast with fearful brow;
Oh! vain dross, it delivers not,
It cannot save thee now.
With feeble hands they fling it forth,
With weak and trembling knees,
And escaping to the mountains high,
Each, horror-stricken, flees.

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They have blown the battle trumpet,
But who goes forth to fight?
They flee unto the mountains high,
Where shame broods day and night.
The rod hath blossom'd, pride hath budded,
And shame hath come to all;
They have blown the battle trumpet,
And none answer to the call.

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"MY SLEEP WAS SWEET UNTO ME."

My sleep was sweet unto me, for in it spoke the Lord,
Hear and declare in isles far off, go publish ye my word;
With gladness sing for Jacob, among the millions shout,
Lo! I will bring them from the north, from all the courts about.
With weeping they shall come, but they'll be led by me
In ways wherein they'll stumble not, a goodly company.
Then sing and shout, and publish ye the glad news every day,
And, "Oh Lord, save thy people, save Israel's remnant say."

Unto me my sleep was sweet, for yet spake God the Father;
He that scattered Israel, again will Israel gather;
The fainting soul of Jacob shall a watered garden be,
For Jacob is redeemed from him who stronger was than he.
I'll turn their mourning into joy, my goodness on them pour,
Old men and young together, will not sorrow any more;
They shall come and sing on Zion's heights, for oil, and wine, and wheat,
And virgins mingle in the dance, with quick, rejoicing feet.

My sleep was sweet unto me, for still I heard the Lord
Filling every weary soul, with tidings I adored.

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Thou weeping voice of Rachel, from tears thine eyes
refrain,
Thy children to their border will come to thee again.
And Ephraim, my dear son, whom I have heard make
moan,
I will be merciful to him, to Ephraim, my own;
Then sing and shout, and publish ye, the glad news
every day,
And, "Oh Lord, save thy people, save Israel's rem-
nant, say."

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"REST ROUND ABOUT."

WHENCE Judah look'd on every side,
And only saw the dead,
From the watch-tower in the wilderness
The king the troops hath led.
In that wilderness with bodies strewn,
Earth-fallen in the fray,
They've stripped the dead, and carry now
The booty stores away.

On, laden with great gain, they march
With wealth and jewels rare,
Three days they have been gathering,
Yet riches are left there.
But horse and foot are pressing on,
With many a prize they toil,
Till in Berachah's valley
They rest them with the spoil.

Assembling, still assembling
In troops on the fourth day,
With banners, arms, and treasure,
They crowd each valley way.
And, when within the meeting-vale,
The men of spear and sword,
The king, and all the people,
Kneel down and bless the Lord.

Then, in a bright procession,
With music bright and clear,

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The silver sound of trumpets
  Re-echoing far and near.
With psalteries and harps they march,
  And make the welkin ring,
As they enter glad Jerusalem,
  While foremost rides the king.

There all the men of Judah
  Do lift a joyful voice,
The hosts of proud Jerusalem
  As with one heart rejoice.
For broken is the foeman's spear,
  And broken is his sword;
The enemies of Israel
  Are taught to fear the Lord.

And a great quiet fell upon the land,
  And hushed each hostile shout;
The realm of King Jehoshaphat
  Knew rest all round about.
Yea, round about, where trouble was,
  And hearts with fear oppressed,
God gave the king and people
  Rest—blessèd, holy rest.

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"THEY ARE GONE OVER THE SEA."

A WAIL hath gone round thy borders—a weary mournful cry—
A wailing in the shadow of night and under the noon-day sky;
As wandering birds cast out of the nest, thy daughters, Moab, stray,
And joy hath left the plenteous field, and gladness fled away;
For the branches of fair Sibmah's vine, sad tears are shed by me,
They are stretched out, they are broken, they are gone over the sea!

In thy vineyards there is no singing, the vintage shout hath ceased,
The treaders tread no wine out for bridal or for feast;
On thy house-tops there is weeping, in thy streets and thy high places
There is howling for thy laying waste—grief on thy soldiers' faces.
Oh, my heart doth cry for Moab! his fugitives all flee—
They are stretched out, they are broken, they are gone over the sea!

"Destruction!" is the cry they raise, with sobbing, as they go,
Their loins with sackcloth girded, while mocks the scorning foe,

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The breakers of thy branches, who have stricken thy foundations,
The heathen lords, the tramplers, the spoilers of the nations!
Moab, thy prayers will not prevail; moan! moan and weep with me,
For thy branches broken, smitten hearts, gone over the sea!

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"GATHER YE OIL AND WINE AND SUMMER FRUITS."

To the sunny fields! to the sunny fields! Judah's sons and daughters,
Where our ripened riches rise beside the moving waters;
To the sunny fields the captives tilled, oh, yet our treasure-soil!
And carry thither vessels for honey and for oil.
To the fields of oil and honey, of barley and of wheat,
Left maids and youths of Judah, hie all with busy feet;
Away amid the golden grain, sweet herbs, refreshing roots,
And gather ye of oil and wine and luscious summer fruits.

Stand forth without your helmets, put by your furbished spears,
Ye remnant of the warriors of Judah's mighty years;
The trumpet's notes have ceased awhile, war steeds unharnessed stand,
Hie horsemen to the vineyards all and lend a helping hand;
Hang up the buckler and the shield, and doff your brigandines,
And your chariots load with vintage spoil, amid these peaceful scenes.

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Gather oil, and wine, and summer fruits, then in your
cities dwell—
The cities ye have taken—and all shall yet be well;
Hie women, men, and children, hie poor within the
land,
To the treasure-fields and gather, 'tis Gedaliah's com-
mand;
Away among the clustering vines, the grain and
flowering roots,
And gather ye of oil and wine and ripened summer
fruits.

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Songs, Etc.

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I DREAMT OF A HOME.

WHILE wearily wayfaring
Day after day,
Like a bird in the winter-time,
Sunshine away—
I've felt my lot least where
Heart-dreamings would come,
And I've loved life the best when
I dreamt of a home!
Oh, a home of my own,
Where friends round me press'd—
In that dream of a home
How my spirit would rest!

I see the sweet spring flowerets,
Hear summer rills—
Drink in the ripe freshness
Of valleys and hills;
There is balm for my worst care
Wherever I roam,
But no soothing in life like
My dream of a home!
Oh, a home of my own,
Where friends round me press'd—
In that dream of a home
How my spirit doth rest!

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THE CLYDE.

I.

My own broad-rolling river, my soul is back to thee!
I feel my bosom moved as with a big wave of thy sea;
Again thy glorious mountains, again thy lovely isles
Rise in the summer sunshine, dear mirror of its smiles!
My proud historic river—resistless, mighty Clyde!
I see health, wealth, and happiness, yet deck thy sparkling tide,
And troops of glad-wing'd sea-birds the white sails hover o'er
That bring the noble freightage home, 'mid welcomes to thy shore!

II.

Where the wide Thames expands becalmed, in a smooth liquid sheet,
Casting its dull, slow-flowing tide, unruffled at my feet,
While I sit and landward gaze my fill from level shore to shore,
Along the flat, low Essex coast, strand classic evermorè—
I think how these sluggish waters bore great Nelson to his bark—
Bore Raleigh, Dampier, Drake, and Cooke, all mighty men of mark—
How o'er them oft sailed Napier, immortal mariner-name—
How Ross and Franklin and MacLure passed hence to matchless fame!

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III.

And yet my thought unconscious turns to Caledonia's seas,
Its mountain-tarns, lochs, firths, bays, creeks, swept still by heathy breeze—
And thine old, old archipelago, of crags and highland isles,
Like a vision wraps my senses all as through the rugged Kyles
Glides many a fishing wherry and swift boat up Loch Fyne,
While I wake, as from a trance, to find my heart entirely thine—
No memory of great warrior deed, no hero-name uplifts—
I only feel how beautiful thou art with thy God-gifts!

IV.

O loveliest of rivers clear! O stream of fatherland!
Flow on amid thy heritage—the beautiful and grand!
Flow, while the holy-hearted, the honest, industrious, brave,
Still walk beside thy waters, still plough thy every wave;
While beaming eyes, fair loveliness, sweet angel-charms of life,
Spell-bind us, dreaming of thy shores, with heavenly memories rife;
My own resplendent river! my own majestic Clyde!
My spirit-thoughts fly back to thee, their song floats o'er thy tide!

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THE HIDING FLOWER.

ADOWN the lane, where bright spring air
  Moves 'mong the leafy boughs,
And grass-bells rise in beauty, where
  The wandering bees carouse;
Without, and o'er, the low green wood,
  All woo the genial hour,
Save one, which keeps a solitude—
  A little hiding flower.

It climbs within a hawthorn high,
  As if it sighed to rest
In peace, unsought by breeze or fly,
  For ever in its breast;
This world, it tells, is not for me,
  Though beauty be my dower—
I'll shun its idle gaze—I'll be
  A little hiding flower.

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ADRIAN'S LOVE-PLAINT.

(From "Helé the Night-Spirit, or the Dream within a Dream."—MSS.)

SPRINKLED o'er with blossoms white,
Mottled o'er with blossoms pink,
Summer bushes—homes for thrushes—
Spread where dark-brown waters blink
Underneath the willow hedges,
Rippling by bank-grass and sedges,
While the mellow winds of June
Mingle in their low, soft tune—
But heigho! and woe is me,
For there is no bird on tree
Chirrups that my love's for me!

Yet many a warbled madrigal
Near the roses pink and snow,
Doth rise and fall, by the old canal
That moves like velvet in the show—
The wealth of colors out in daylight,
Flowers of orange, blue, and grey-white;
Sweet herbs and green wheats everywhere,
Waving in the balmy air—
Yet heigho! and woe is me,
All this calm and rest I see
To feel there is no peace for me!

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THERE FLEW A DOVE TO ME.

A CLOUD came o'er the sunlight,
A wind dashed o'er the sea,
When wearily, with dripping wing,
There flew a dove to me.
Oh! welcome little stranger
To refuge from the storm—
Nought here will e'er endanger
Or mar thy lovely form;
And when the rain-clouds float away—
When calm is on the sea,
And glossy are thy plumes again,
You may take leave of me.

Confidingly the beauteous bird
Approached near like a friend,
Unto the food I quietly spread—
The shelter I could lend.
Wilt tarry, gentle rover,
Here ever with me stay—
Safe dwell while storms roll over,
While sunbeams gild each day?
Or, wilt thou flee, like some sweet face
But seen then gone, to be
A fairy dream, a music tone,
A summer memory.

Oh, had the rain-clouds passed away—
Had calm been on the sea,

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'T would not, mayhap, have grieved to say
Adieu, poor bird, to thee.
But timid, throbbing, pilgrim-heart,
Thou hast, indeed, been scared
By kindness seeking to impart
The love thou might'st have shared.
Thou'rt out, 'mid storms descending,
To leave this lesson here,
What trouble, aye attending,
Is theirs who idly fear!

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THE RUNNING RIVER'S BRIGHT, MARY.

I.

THE running river's bright, Mary,
Like a mirror showing
The buds and blossoms white, Mary,
High above it growing.
While o'er its banks the lilies fair
Gaze with graceful bending,
And violets in crowds are there,
And daisies fragrance lending.
Oh Mary, may thy guileless life
As gently pass away,
Like that fair stream with sunshine rife,
Until its closing day.

II.

The running river's dark, Mary,
Gathering gloom is falling,
Stream and flowery bank, Mary,
With deep shadow palling.
The lilies all beside the stream
Droop now mournful ever,
While wrapped as in some midnight dream,
All sadly flows the river.
Oh Mary, may thy gentle life
From change like this be free,
No spirit cloud, with sorrow rife,
Ere wander nigh to thee.

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THE GOLDEN BEAMS ARE DEPARTING, LOVE.

THE golden beams are departing, love,
The waggon waits below,
And now we are ready for starting, love,
We tarry for you to go.
Merrily wave the summer boughs,
Merrily runs the river,
Merrily streams and birds and flowers
Their scents and songs deliver;
But golden beams are departing, love,
The waggon stands below,
We are now all ready for starting, love,
And wait but you to go.

The old cart-road that was gleaming, love,
With beams an hour ago,
Has gold now fast from it dreaming, love,
The shadows creep below.
Pensively now the night-breeze wakes,
Busily stars crowd over;
Merrily now no longer breaks
The song from leafy cover;
The golden beams are departing, love,
The waggon waits below,
We are now prepared for starting, love,
We tarry for you to go.

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From night-clouds soon over-spreading, love,
Hath fled the sunny day;
But night's fair queen is now shedding, love,
Her love-gifts on our way.
Travelling by the bright moonlight,
Cheerily by the river,
We'll keep the forest pathway right,
And bless the moonlight Giver!
The golden beams have departed, love,
The waggon waits below—
Come, now, we are ready for starting, love,
We wait but you to go.

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I KNOW A LOVELY ISLAND.

I KNOW a lovely island, where
The blue waves kiss the shore,
And murmur softly in the air
Their greetings o'er and o'er;
As wearied with far travel, they
Sink gently 'mong its flowers,
While vineyards, bright with clusters gay,
Smile, listening, thro' the hours.

I know a lovely island, where
The blue waves kiss the shore,
And oft my heart will wander there,
And blessings on it pour.

O pleasant are its fruitful vales
With streamlet-songs, we know!
O fragrant are its honied gales
To waft them as they flow!
And it holds a memory dear to me,
As is the light of day—
A childhood hope, O Fame, for thee!
My soul will keep for aye.

I know a lovely island, where
The blue waves kiss the shore,
And the music of my childhood there
Will ring for evermore.

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MERRIE ALICE!

O ALICE! merrie Alice,
How oft I wish to be
Our dear old highland valleys
Still rambling o'er with thee,
As still thy silvery laugh brings bliss
To smiling memory!

O Alice! merrie Alice,
As bird on summer-tree,
Or o'er some wild-flower chalice,
As blythesome honey-bee,
Thou art as full of happiness,
With soul from guile as free.

O Alice! merrie Alice,
Were all the world like thee—
As destitute of malice,
As full of harmless glee—
This world would be a paradise,
And merrie angels we!

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TO A RIVER.

WHERE the wild-flowers fringe the path with blue,
And intermingling grasses clinging,
Creep still nearer unto you,
As if to list thy singing;
Mournfully thy song floats
'Mong the ringing bird-notes,
Sad and slow and low,
Like a memory of woe;
Yet cheer thee up, O river—
There is no grief lasts for ever!

Fairest morning is thy placid brow,
With gay heaven-beams enwreathing;
Yet radiant though with beauty now,
What sorrow thou art breathing!
It seeks not to be heard,
As doth song of happy bird;
But amid the sunshine low
It wanders, wailing, slow;
Yet cheer thee up, O river—
There is no grief lasts for ever!

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I KNOW THAT I AM BEAUTIFUL.

I KNOW that I am beautiful,
The running river sung;
But when the sunbeams kiss me not,
When by the moonlight I'm forgot,
When gloom is o'er me flung;
The world looks black enough at me,
However beautiful I be.

I know that I am beautiful,
The rose, low murmuring, said;
But when no zephyr comes me nigh,
When all gay wings have passed me by,
And winter spoils my head;
This world grows cold enough to me,
However flattering now it be.

I know that I am beautiful,
The twinkling night-star breathed;
But tho' I shine o'er blighted bowers,
When stormy darkness rules the hours;
When heaven is tempest-wreathed;
No one, forsooth, then cares to see
How beautiful on high I be.

I know that I am beautiful,
Bright Love, the spirit cried;
More beautiful than moon and sun,
Than all they've ever shone upon,
On earth or ocean wide;
And yet, this world still tortures me,
Tho' beautiful for aye I be.

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LINES

Written in recollection of Mrs. Kennedy, wife of the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, Dumbarton, and Organist to the Episcopalian Church there.

THY song so sweet and pure of heart
That it seemed meet for paradise,
How doth it yet dear joy impart,
As holy Memory hears it rise
Within the temple of the Past,
All fervent, beautiful and clear—
An angel-strain, that yet will last
To sanctify existence here.

I see the chapel on the hill,
I see the few who gather there,
The very few—who do not fill
Its humble seats arrang'd for prayer.
The old day comes once more—the sun
Pours light thro' every window-pane;
The lowly service hath begun—
Thy voice! thy voice!—'tis heaven again!

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SING OF LOVE.

Sing of love—sing of love!
  Let no other poet-story,
No theme of battle move,
  No dream of warrior-glory;
Sing of love, that ne'er is gone,
  Of its bliss, unfading bowers;
Sing of love, and love alone—
  Of its beauty thro' all hours!

Sing of love—my love for thee!
  Sing of love—the love of heaven;
Be each thought sweet sigh for me,
  In a world where all's forgiven!
Oh, the glorious sunlight pours
  A heaven-song from above;
Oh, halcyon-winged the hours
  Sing of love—sing of love!

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THE VALLEY OF CREE.

Over a plain of ripening corn
Our village cottage looks,
And far down where the broad moss-bourne
Holds glassy pools and brooks—
Brooks that 'neath the rushes run,
Run through muir-grass to the sea,
And shady pools hid from the sun,
In the beautiful valley of Cree.
Over a vale of ripening corn,
Over a moss where dark pools be,
Over brooks running night and morn,
Is the beautiful valley of Cree.

Rudely 'tis like, our cot-walls white
Are roof'd and thatched o'er—
But we've crimson Indian-cresses bright,
And roses at our door;
And clustering mallows all in bloom
About the tiny window-sill,
And bonny bramble, fern, and broom
Behind, on a high and woody hill.
Over a plain of ripening corn,
Over a moor where dark pools be,
Over brooks running night and morn,
Our cot looks down the valley of Cree.

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And one day when the gentle breeze
  Sung its old hymn o'er again,
Lowly still among the trees,
  Lowly still adown the plain,
We thought the rustling of the wheat,
  As it came to many a porch,
Like the stir 'mong maidens fair and sweet
  For the Bible-places in the church.
    Over a vale of ripening corn,
      Over the moss where dark pools be,
    Over brooks running night and morn,
      Our cot looks down the valley of Cree.

O welcome, thus, some new conceit
  Would to our fancy stray
At trysting times when we would meet,
  Where we met for many a day;
And, best of all, one lovely night,
  When the moon her splendour shed,
We thought—and we were serious quite—
  We thought that we'd next morn get wed!
    And where the brooks run night and morn,
      Thorough the moss where dark pools be,
    Our cottage stands beside the corn,
      In the beautiful valley of Cree.

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"WATCH IN THE WATCH-TOWERS."

When the birds 'mong the cedar-boughs are hid,
Awaiting the coming day;
Ere the gleaming eye of Morning
Look out from his forehead grey;
Ere yet his warm-soul'd breath awake
The dreamy birds and flowers,
That no serpent glide among them, keep
Good watch in the watch-towers.

At noon, when never a shadow falls
Upon the golden streams,
And vineyards, rich in blossoming,
Are richer yet with beams;
When a joyance blooms in human hearts,
And a brightness in the bowers,
That no strife-cloud mar the loveliness—
Oh, watch in the watch-towers.

When birds 'mong the cedar-boughs sleep fast,
In the middle of the night
When the stars are out, when the moon is out,
And when they give no light;
'Mid changes still of shine and gloom,
Through the years of altering hours,
That foe ne'er be within the land,
Oh, watch in the watch-towers.

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THE BANK-FLOWER TO THE STRÈAM.

DEDICATED TO "YE MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS OF YE WORLDE."

(In one of Æsop's Fables, the moral is this—"If all our prayers were granted, how many would bring ruin on themselves."—The following ballad is intended to illustrate, in a somewhat milder form, the same axiom.)

THE gardens and orchards all round, river,
Grow richer with berry and spray,
And fruit-bud and blossom abound, river,
And bird-song and bee-hum and ray.
Mother Earth is be-robed like a queen, river,
Wheresoever the eye doth range;
And I ought to be happy, I ween, river—
Yet I'd like just a nice little change.
Will you carry me down to the sea, river—
Will you carry me down to the sea?
For I'm rather a curious flower, river,
And long to go there with thee.

They tell me of many a flower, river,
More beautiful there than I,
Or than all in the beam or the shower, river,
That look to the May-day sky;
That they bloom among lovely shells, river,
By red coral grots and in bowers,

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And in gay parterres and in vales, river,
Oh, brighter by far than are ours.
Then carry me down to the sea, river—
Oh, carry me down to the sea!
For indeed I'm a curious flower, river,
And long to go there with thee.

In moving there's danger, you cry, river,
And that flowers fare the best at home;
But faith worketh wonders, and I, river,
I have plenty of courage to roam.
Travel schools one so how to behave, river—
This at least I've heard wise people say—
That I'm sure you might send in a wave, river,
And lift me off, gently, away!
Oh, carry me down to the sea, river—
Oh, carry me down to the sea!
And though only a light little flower, river,
Indeed I'll be grateful to thee!

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TO THE DAISY.

THE Daisy!—little, bright, sweet flower—I sing.
Blossom innocently beautiful;
Precious most when playful pets of children bring
Rare jewels, to crown some elected queen or king,
Let loose from school,
With plaited tiara of long grass and brilliantest weeds,
Floral variegations all, from wondrous parks and meads.

I was kind to the daisy in my boyhood—since a child
I have indeed liked the daisy well;
And now, wander I nowhere in the summer mild,
To place of picturesque beauty ne'er beguiled,
In vale or wood or dell,
No spot that Memory haunts—but first, lo! and all
fair,
Smiling a winning welcome, it lisps my mother-tongue
there.

Then, meseems, colony of resting butterflies oft stretch
across the green—
All milk-white they repose—
And that, ere long, they will take universal wing, I ween,
And rise up into the pleasant altitude of summer sheen,
High o'er each lily and rose—
Is just the reflective dream I may dream any day,
Till I approach their graceful cups, and then—'tis fled
away!

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O Daisy! a cosmopolite I would thee term; but here, at home,
Is all the world to me;
And that far-fetched and feignéd name would take thee my friendship from,
Who hast been my life-companion still, wherever I might roam,
In lowland or upland lea.
Thus, tho' other grand names might romantic sound, more poetically clever,
My ain wee Scottish gowan is indeed thy best for ever.

Independently of all bard influences, who've sung thy mysteries—
Thine ever-popular grace—
The greatest, noblest, wealthiest souls, if you please,
The monarchs whose stanzas are rare sacred melodies—
I have loved thy face;
Long ere their immortal lines I had, Daisy, or spelt or read,
I loved thee as tho' we in the same infant-school both bred.

For, like thee, in the breezy spring and sunny summer days,
I had little else to do
But wander o'er the meadows, in the grassy, clover-ways,
To bask abroad, where'er might fall the redolent love-rays
On happy me and you.
My hardest lesson then, when all sadly changed the hours,
A scold, indeed, for being out with thee, amid the passing showers.

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When indubitably arrived at man's estate, my curly pate
Eager enough for lore,
I had my love for thee fourfold renewed, for kindest fate
Brought a stranger, good antiquarian, to indoctrinate
Admiration, e'en stronger than of yore—
For thee and others, thy young field-mates and mine,
Did Nicholas Culpepper the old inspire a reverence divine.

Oh, frequent these eyelids were o'erpowered at night,
By poring o'er Culpeppery page,
All anecdote biographical of every blooming little wight,
Who changed complexion and eke temper, when the starlight
Came to them, with ominous ray, t' engage
In, nigh invisibly, the insinuating of strange spells angularly,
Scintillations in straight lines blighting caused by conjunctions planetary.

Thy varying fortunes thus, by much help astrological, read,
All thy good virtues as well as evil hour;
And where is the flower that ever arose from fragrant bed,
Or balmy, hung from odorous branch above thy favorite head,
E'en one of all myriads in field and summer bower,
But Nicholas has told something about, recondite to me, and new?
Anxiously, of thy associates, high and low—never forgetting you.

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Oh, strangely, sooth, he blends with all botanical narrations
The subtle Magi-spirit of the seer;
Descanting on coming transmutations, and bewitched translations,
And strangest visitations, altering all your tiny creations,
Making you oft, as 'twere, "beside yourselves" appear;
Oh, challenging quite all other brave, natural seasons,
These curious times arrive for you, for which he giveth weird reasons.

But, Nicholas, adieu.—From out your midst a lark hath sprung,
And, in the ascendant soars, with thrilling song,
Warning me graciously that on thy life, all song-filled and much sung,
Thy simple childish ways to me, 'twere better old Pan had flung
Piping mythological the whole day long,
Than reach thee the ponderous quaint-lore dissertations,
That give thee hard rudiment names throughout all pastoral nations.

Yet who needeth praise the lark's rich song, so true,
Or compliments say to thee?
Thou art thyself, O Daisy! a very perfect minstrel too,
And inwardly a quiet, sweet hymn, with a rare good-wish from you,
Thou seem'st repeating to me ever, silently;
And never till I leave thee, do I feel that tune
Is full of lullabies of infant years and joys from many a June!

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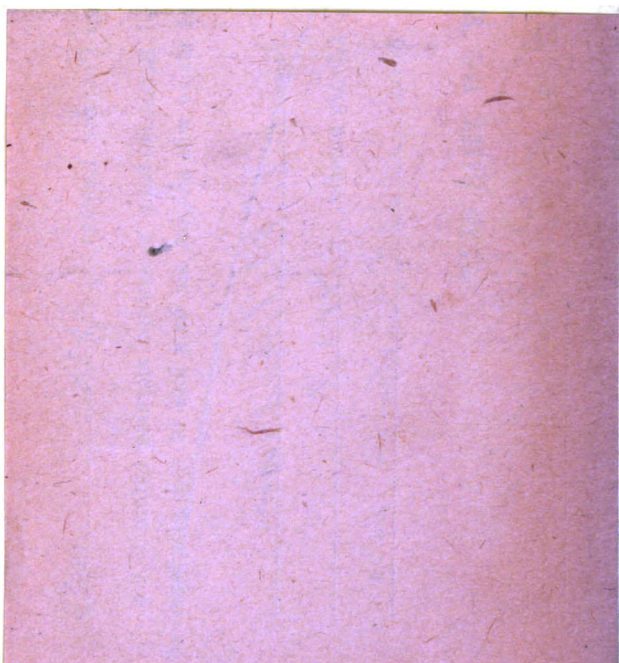

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